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The Zigzag on the Way to Baguio, Summer Capital of the Philippines.

All aboard! Let's go! We're starting from Manila, the great picturesque, Americanized Oriental city, and will travel by automobile 200 miles to the north to Baguio, the summer capital of the Philippines. The trip can also be made by train.

We have ahead of us one of the most scenic, spectacular and thrilling automobile trips in the world. We will have excellent roads all the way. The Philippines are, in fact, a paradise for motorists, possessing 3,500 miles of fine macadamized roads.

The first part of the trip is through typical small towns and then across the central plain of Luzon and through several rich and fertile provinces, where tropical vegetation is seen at its best. Here one is impressed with the great agricultural wealth of the Philippines, which represents one of the East's greatest producing areas, with the advantage of immense natural resources for the development of further production. It is regrettably true that even in the United States there is far from any real understanding of the possibilities of the islands.

At some points rice fields, looking in the distance like the greenest of green lawns, stretch away as far as the eye can see. If you want color, if you want to feel the romance and mystery of an Oriental twilight, pass this way as the red eyed sun at the end of the dying day is slowly sinking behind the unending expanse of green fields. At first you cry out in ecstasy at the gorgeous scene. But as you ride along, your eyes fastened on the panorama of tints and colors, and with the impenetrable black Oriental night coming on fast, you become enthralled. You no longer try to express your feelings. You cannot. You realize that those now fast changing, colorful masterpieces in the heavens and on the landscape are pictures that no man can adequately describe nor human hands duplicate. So what's the use of trying!

True, these are but impressions, but the travelogue considers himself justified in mentioning them, for they are a part of the trip to Baguio and return. Indeed, the gorgeous sunsets in all parts of the Philippines leave an impression on the mind of the tourist that is everlasting.

We leave the palms and tropical foliage and enter the zone of rugged pine. We pass from the soft, incense laden air of the warm lowlands to the crisp, invigorating ozone of the temperate zone, all within a few hours' time.

For mile after mile the road now follows the tortuous course of a river, the road lying in the bottom or on the rocky sides of a granite canyon.

The Philippines are rich in hydro-electric possibilities. This power is the cheapest power on earth. And it is everlasting. Your travelogue is neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but he predicts that one day there will be innumerable Philippine government owned hydro-electric plants in this canyon we are now passing through. Think of the possibilities of such a project! Today the trip from Manila to Baguio is too expensive for the average Manila worker and his family, many of whom may live and die without beholding the wondrous beauties of their own island of Luzon. Think of what a blessing it would be to Filipino mothers and children to feel upon their fevered brows the cool, invigorating breezes of the mountain tops, now so near and yet so far! With the Philippine government owning its own electric railways and hydro-electric plants it would be possible to bring



"At times we seemed perilously near the jumping off place."

he is on the rim of the world. Some of the turns are so sharp it is impossible to see 20 feet ahead and we seem to be perilously near the jumping off place. We wonder if it is safe to lean out and peer into the canyon far below and when we do we are perfectly satisfied we are flirting with death. Yet the trip is a safe one, providing our driver has better nerves than our own.

All too soon we reach the outskirts of Baguio, a city among the clouds, and are rather surprised at the modern city we find it to be. In ten years Baguio has grown from a village of huts to the now justly famed mountain resort of the Philippines, sometimes called the Philippine Simla. It is undoubtedly destined some day to become a large city.

Baguio ranges in elevation from 4,500 to 5,500 feet and is surrounded practically on all sides by high mountain ridges and "hogbacks" towering into the skies at a height of almost 8,000 feet.

Aside from the scenery, which is noteworthy, the great blessing of Baguio is its temperate climate, which is indeed a godsend to those impoverished by the tropical temperatures of the lowlands. Not only is the mountain air rich in ozone, but it has been demonstrated to be extraordinarily free from germs of all kinds.

Each year during the hot season the school teachers of the entire archipelago are enabled by the government to spend a month at the teachers' camp in Baguio for recreation and conference on school work. American army officers and their families also go to Baguio for the hot months.

And now that your travelogue has you in Baguio, he believes he will leave you there, for there are many interesting side trips to take, and, besides, Baguio is the most delightful place for a vacation in the entire Orient.

C. R. T.

A PHILIPPINE TRAVELOGUE

THE ROMANTIC ISLANDS OF THE FAR EAST. PICTURES OF THEIR NATURAL BEAUTY AND HISTORIC PROSPECTS—BE- COMING A MECCA FOR TOURISTS AND A POPULAR WINTER RESORT.

THE MAN HATER

By ELIZABETH I. SAUNDERS.

(© 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"What has come over me? What ails me lately? I don't feel a bit like myself," thought Gwendolyn Ritchie, as she sat pondering on the edge of the bed, staring absently into the mirror before her. "It can't be jealousy. I was never jealous of Fran in my life, and yet, why am I so opposed to Hal, all of a sudden—and just since he put that ring on her finger? Goodness knows, I want to see my little sister happy and I know she loves him—so what is it? Jealousy? That awful word—could it be that—but how could it, for I never loved Hal—in fact my affections have never been inclined to any mere man, and never will be. They are a bother and quite troublesome. I know what it is," she finally added to the perplexed reflection in the mirror. "Hal is taking Fran away from me. I will be all alone."

The thought of being all alone, separated from Fran, who had been her only pal and confidant since their great loss had come upon them, leaving them two orphans to face the ups and downs of life alone. They had been inseparable and in fact only one subject had ever come between them to cause dispute, and that was Fran's everlasting persistency that men were quite essential, and she liked them. "I just know, Gwen Ritchie, that the morning will come when you will wake up and find yourself head over heels in love with the only man in the world of men," Fran had said time and time again to Gwen. Gwen had argued with Fran to the contrary, but without results, for Fran was firmly in favor of the male sex.

It was in this mood that Fran, with flushed cheeks, sparkling eyes and all excitement burst into the room, with "Oh, Gwen, isn't it wonderful! Hal just got the marriage license. I am so happy."

"Yes, dear, I'm glad for you," choked Gwen.

"But, Gwen, you are crying. What is it, dear?"

"Nothing much, only I dread the thought of giving you up to a—man. Marriage may be all right, but I don't believe it. I hate men and will have nothing to do with them."

"I'm not silly, Fran; it's just my nature. Perhaps you're right. We can't get along without them, but I guess I am not like other girls, for they mean nothing to me but hard feelings and hatred."

"Gwen, I will give you just one month to meet and fall in love with the one and only. Remember, just one month."

"But, Fran—"

"No 'buts' about it, and what's more, you are going to that dance tonight with Hal and me. His chum has just returned from a hospital where he has been recovering from injuries in the service. Although he can't dance, he will be there. His leg was injured and he hasn't the use of it to the extent of dancing—but anyway, I promised Hal you would be there to entertain him, so that's final."

"So I should play nurse to Hal's pals? Oh, well, if you insist. Perhaps I could do you one more favor, and fall in love with him."

"All right, we will make it a bet," dared Fran.

For hours after the dance was over and the two sisters were snuggled under the covers, Gwen tossed and sighed.

"Gwen, for goodness sake, what is the matter with you? What's on your mind?"

"Nothing much—only a man—I mean I was wondering if Ray had ever been in—; I mean isn't it too bad Ray was injured, for he is such a fine fellow? So different from the rest—the most individual male I ever met."

"Oh, well, let's go to sleep and forget it—but remember, it is not love, but only sympathy for his poor leg."

"Sympathy and understanding spell true friendship, and that is the seed of love."

"You are certainly a sentimental little mite, but don't you be so sure that I am falling in love—I'm not."

The next three weeks were busy ones for Fran, preparing for the all-important day that spelled happiness to her. True, she had noticed flowers and letters coming to Gwen, but in her excitement had not given her prediction a thought.

The night before Fran's wedding had arrived Gwen showed much interest in the final touches of her sister's trousseau. "I'm so glad, Fran, I only wish tomorrow were my passport and date for happiness."

"You mean you'd like to marry Hal, yourself?" questioned Fran.

"Hal, nothing—his pal—Ray. Love is wonderful, after all," she pondered.

"Oh, Gwen, I'm so glad."

"Glad? What for—what have I been saying?" stormed Gwen. "Don't mind me, Fran, I was just talking silly."

"Please, Gwen, you know you were the first to know of my engagement," coaxed Fran, and then sternly, "Remember, Gwen; you have just four days more to get engaged. How about it?"

"Oh, Fran, I believe it's all your fault, but I've truly gone and done it."

"That's funny; it took Hal seven months to ask me to marry him, and only 26 days for Ray to ask my little 'man-hating' sister. Guess you win, Gwen; men are different, after all."

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